

ULTIMATE DEATH OF SPIDER-MAN: PRELUDE

BENDIS • SAMNEE • PONSOR



SPIDER-MAN®

MARVEL®
ISSUE
155

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YOU'RE DONE, PETER PARKER!!

DONE!!



You can't show up to work after *not* showing up for two days!!

You don't show up to work and you don't call... you're fired the *second hour* of the first day.

This is a place of *business*, there is a *schedule*.

I have a *line* of kids who want this job!! What were you doing that was *so important* that you can't come to work??!!

Fired? But--

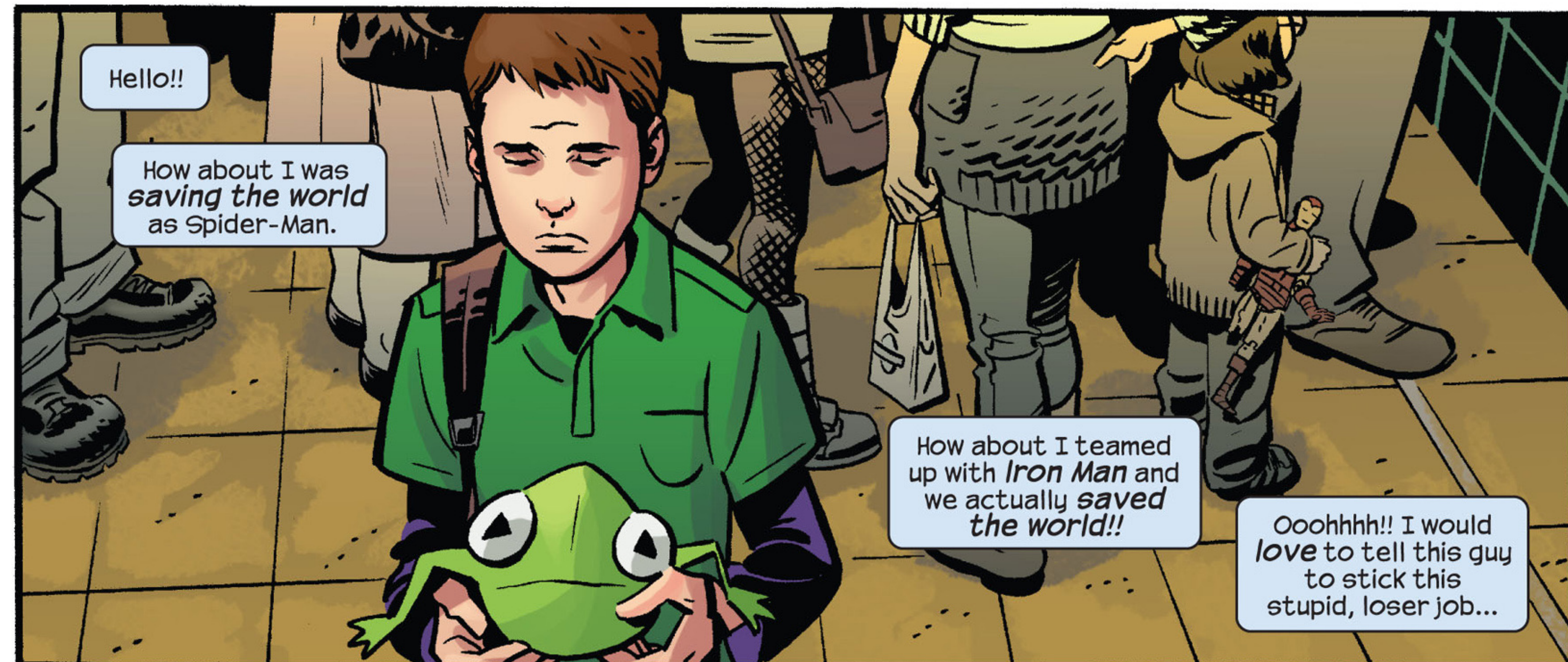
But--



If you'll just--

We're done.

You're done.



Hello!!

How about I was *saving the world* as Spider-Man.

How about I teamed up with *Iron Man* and we actually *saved the world*!!

Oooohhhh!! I would *love* to tell this guy to stick this stupid, loser job...



But the fact of the matter is that I *wanted* this job and I blew it.

It is a loser job and I couldn't handle keeping it.

So who's the loser?



What am I gonna do for money? How am I gonna pay for college??

BLEEP BLEEP

Blocked call?

Who is this??



Ugh.

Hello?

Mr. Parker.

This is J. Jonah Jameson.



You and I should have a talk.



This is *not* going to be fun.

This is one of those things--you know what this is--this is one of those things that I thought--that I *tricked* myself into thinking would just *go away*.

That I could just click my heels and it would magically go away.

It's about the most immature thing I do.



When something really bad happens, I just hold my breath and hope for the best.

Idiot.

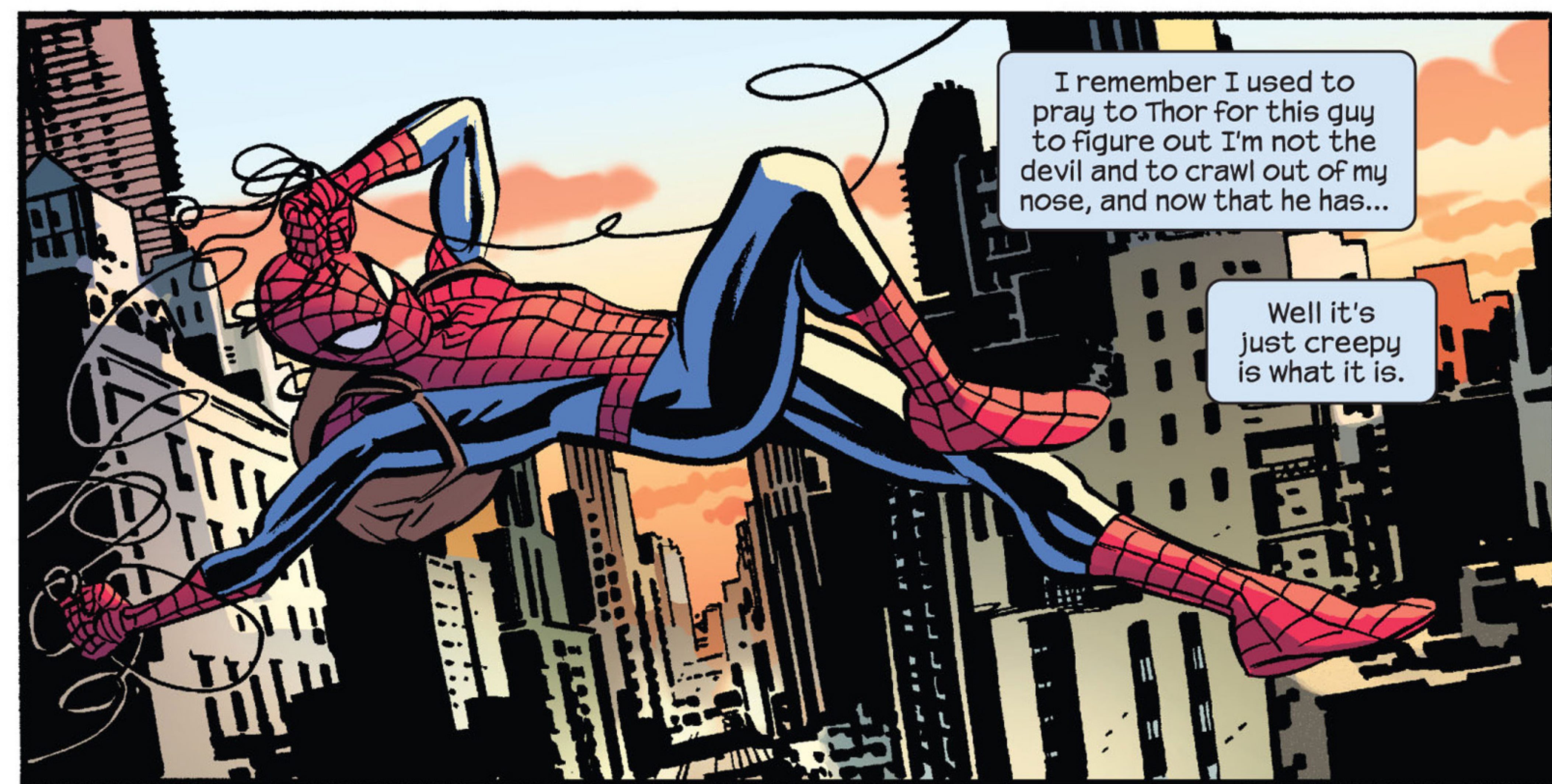
My ex-boss J. Jonah Jameson, the man who owns the internet in New York City, now *KNOWS* I'm Spider-Man.

And I just...go about my day.

And yes, yes, I am baffled like I've never been baffled before that he has not outed me.

I can't believe it.

Not only has he *not* outed me, but the press has been going on daily pro-Spider-Man cheerleading routines, which is the *opposite* of what he *used* to do.



I remember I used to pray to Thor for this guy to figure out I'm not the devil and to crawl out of my nose, and now that he has...

Well it's just creepy is what it is.



And now he just *calls* me out of the blue.

Tells me to come *see* him?

What am I walking into?

(Swinging into...)

What is he going to say?



Half of me thinks no matter what he says it *can't* be any worse than the way things are going lately...

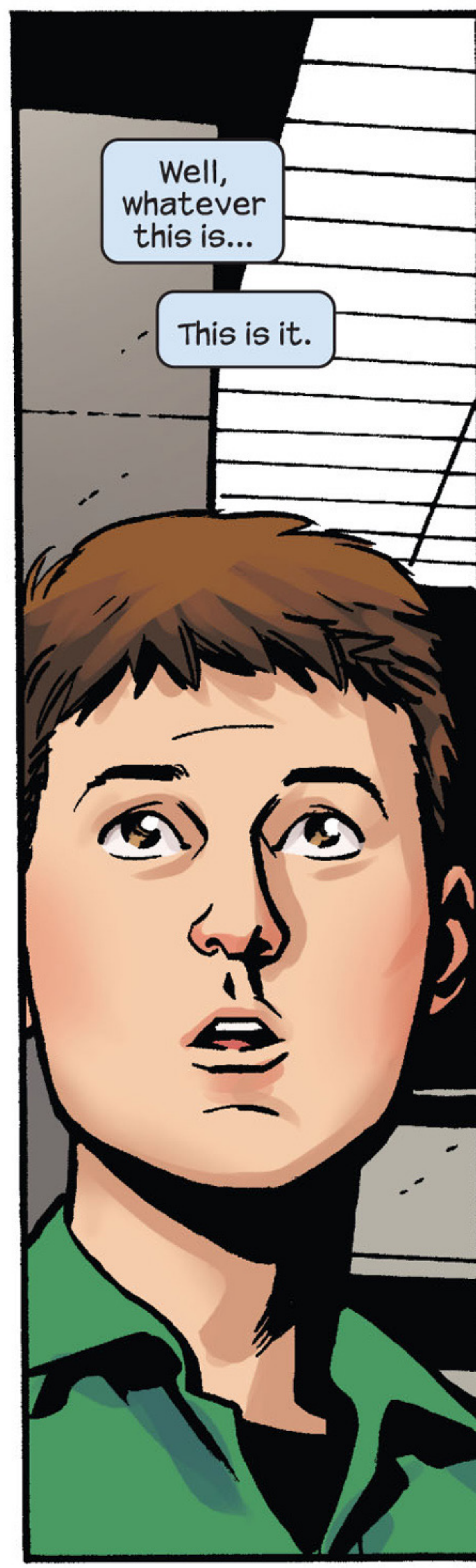
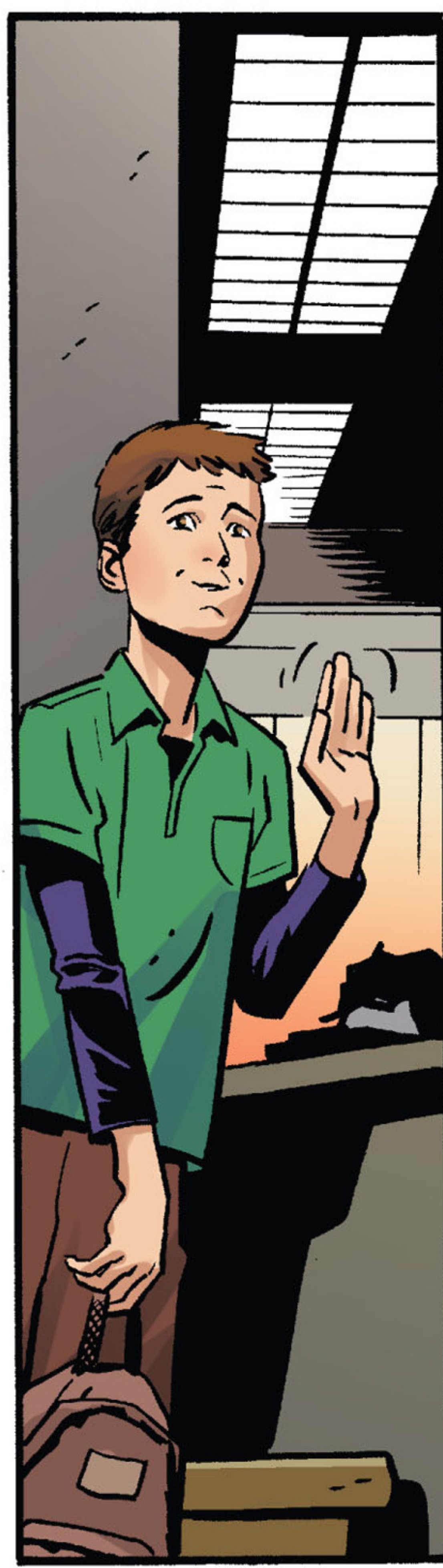
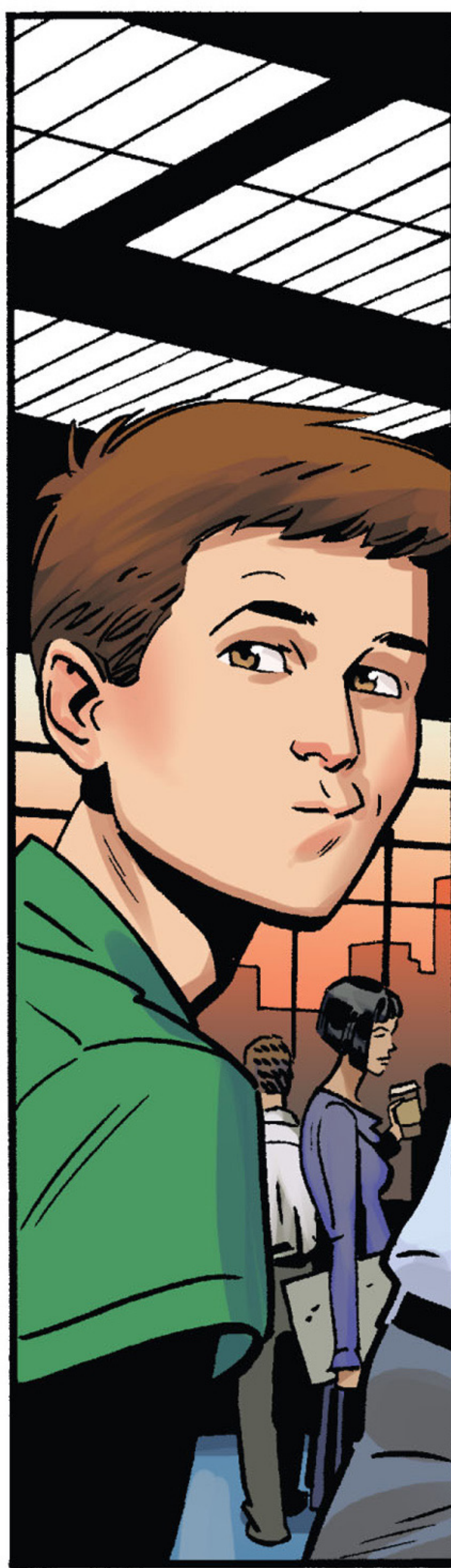
And the other half of me thinks that me thinking that it can't get any worse is *always* followed by something *fantastically* worse happening.

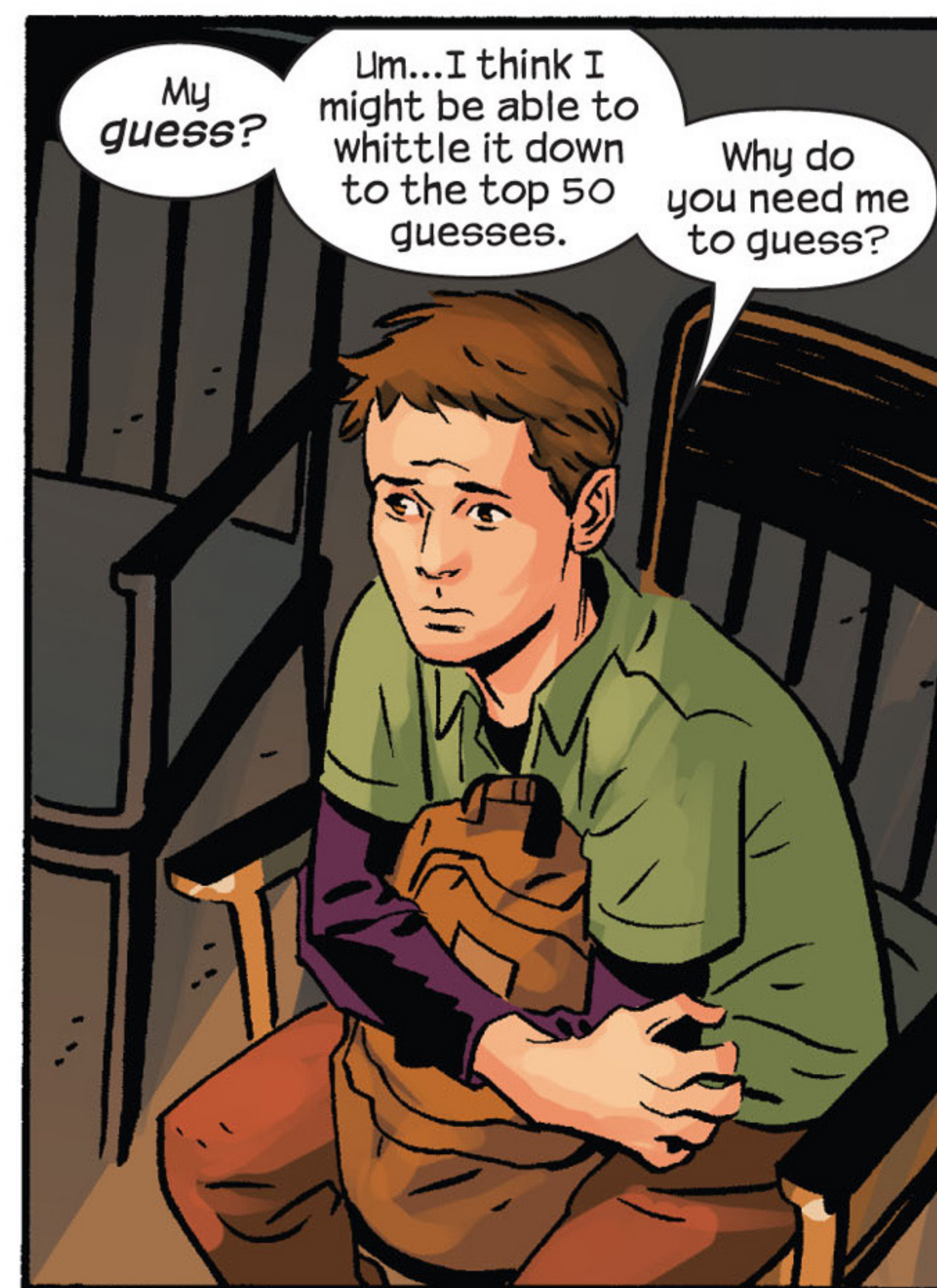
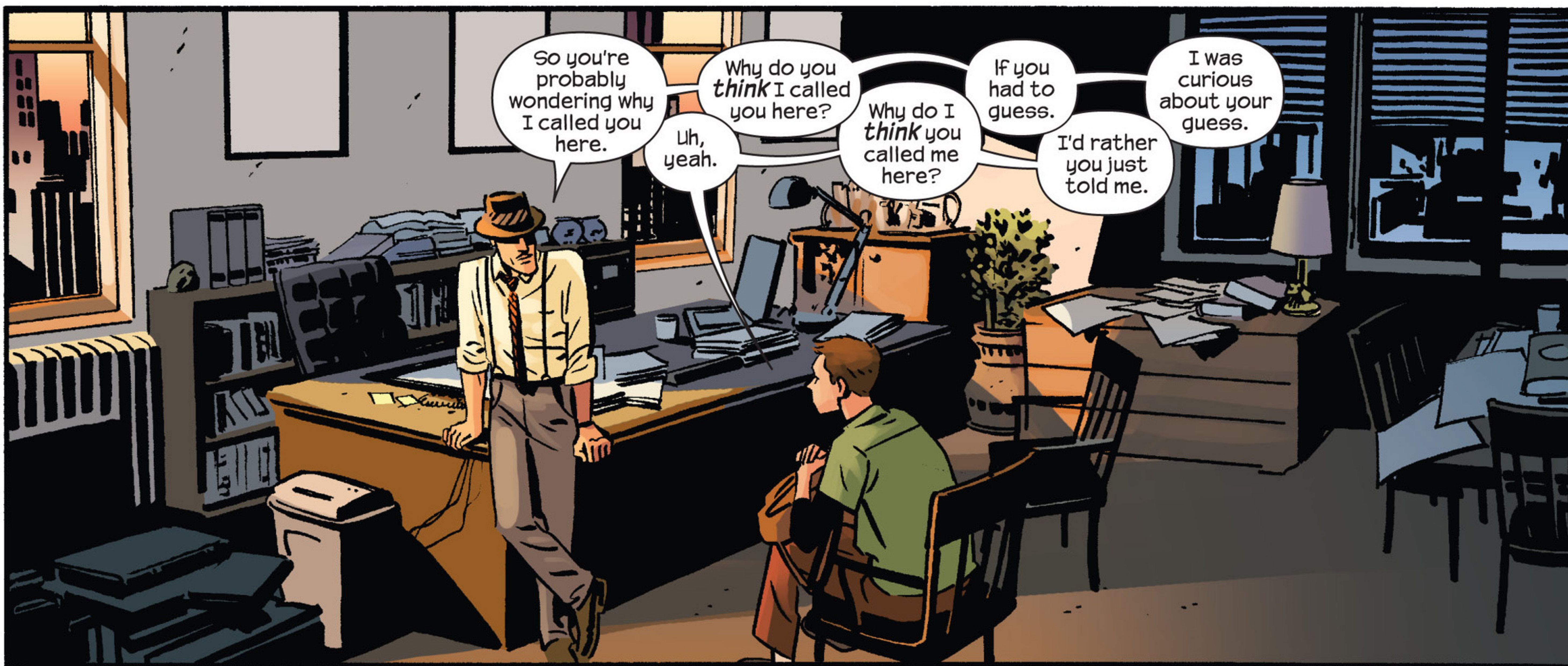
I mean *always*.



I mean, if I could figure out a way to sell my ability to take something bad and turn it into something worse...

Well, I wouldn't have to worry how and when to pay for college.







I think you realize that if I was going to out you, I would have by now.

I'm not.

I'm not going to out you.



I was hoping...



I thought about it.

Oh, I *thought* about it.

And it would sell me more papers and bring more business to this website than any other story on planet Earth...

But it seems, after a little soul searching, that I discovered that I would cut off my own hand before I would do that to you.



Thank you.



And yet, I feel that it's not enough.



I feel I have to do something for you.

I have to make it up to you.

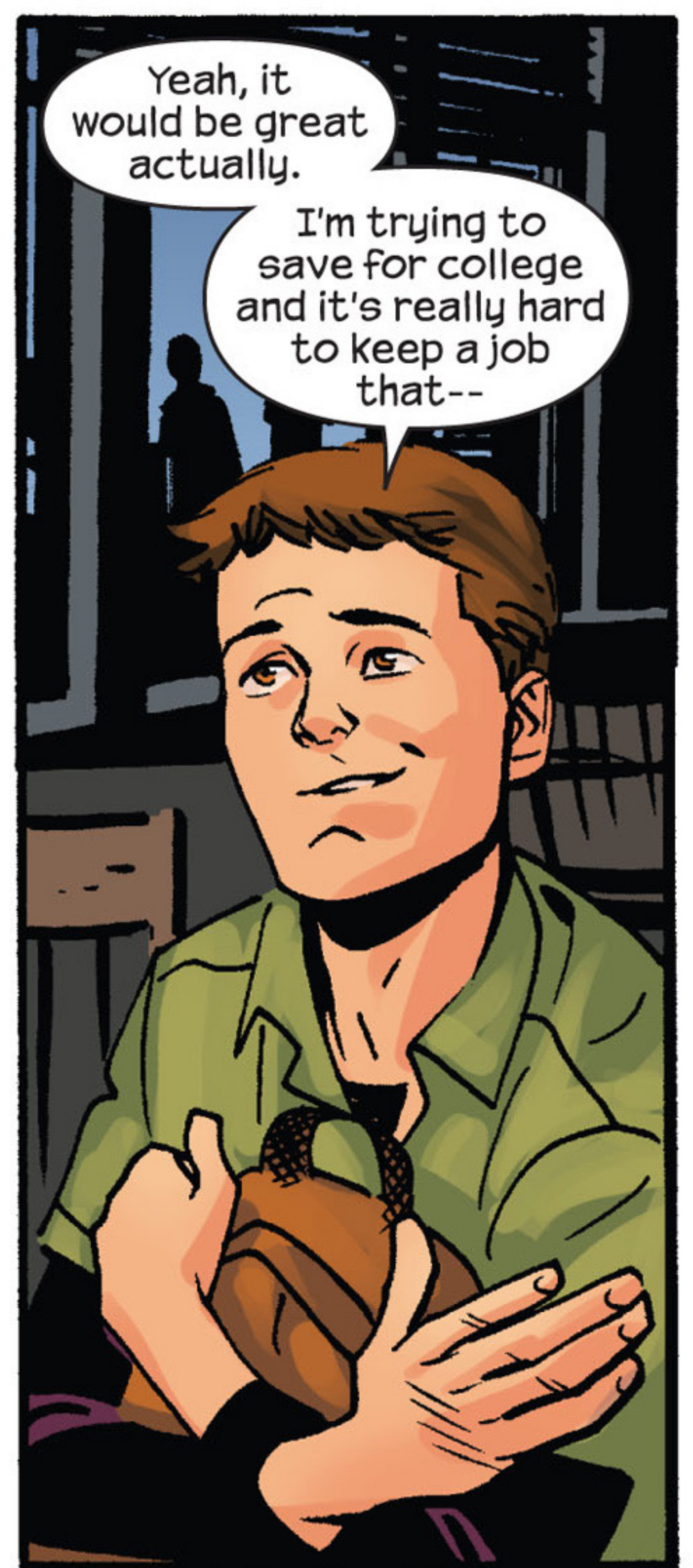
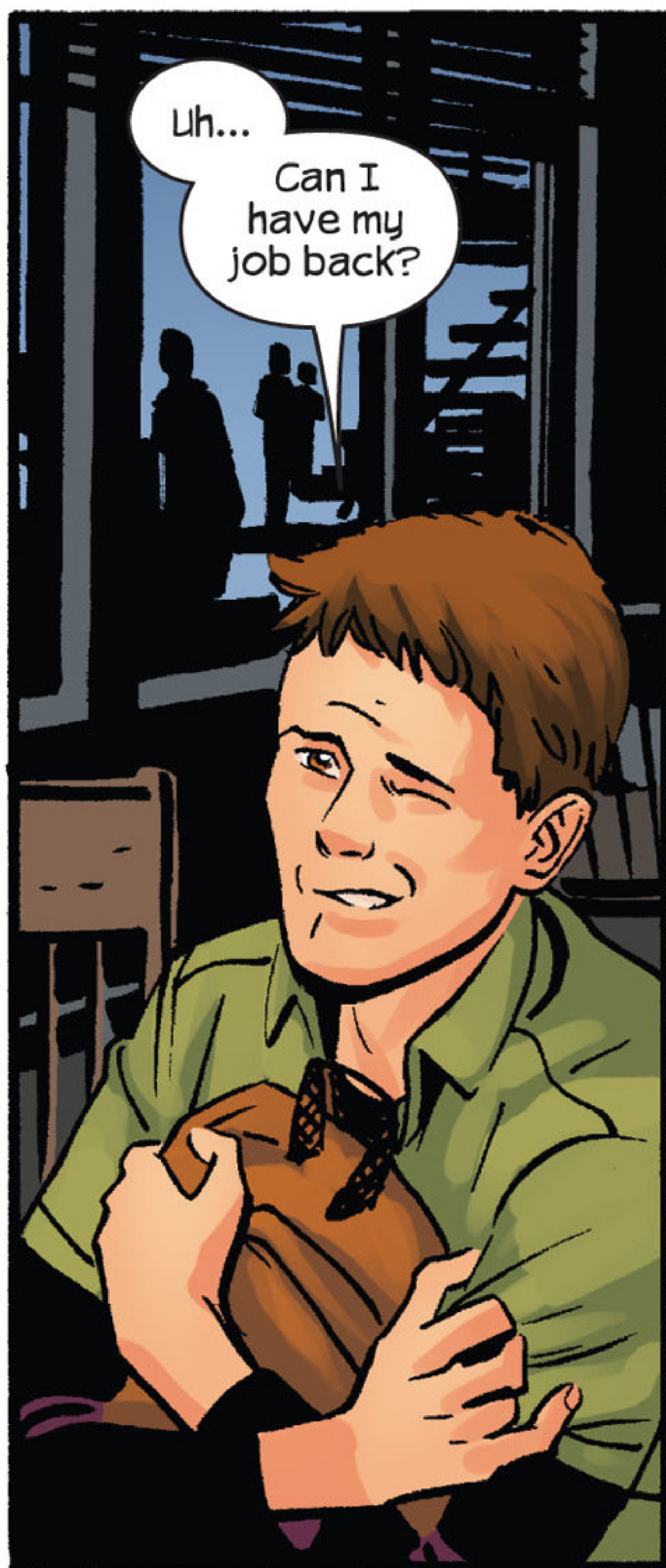
So, today, I am your genie in a bottle.

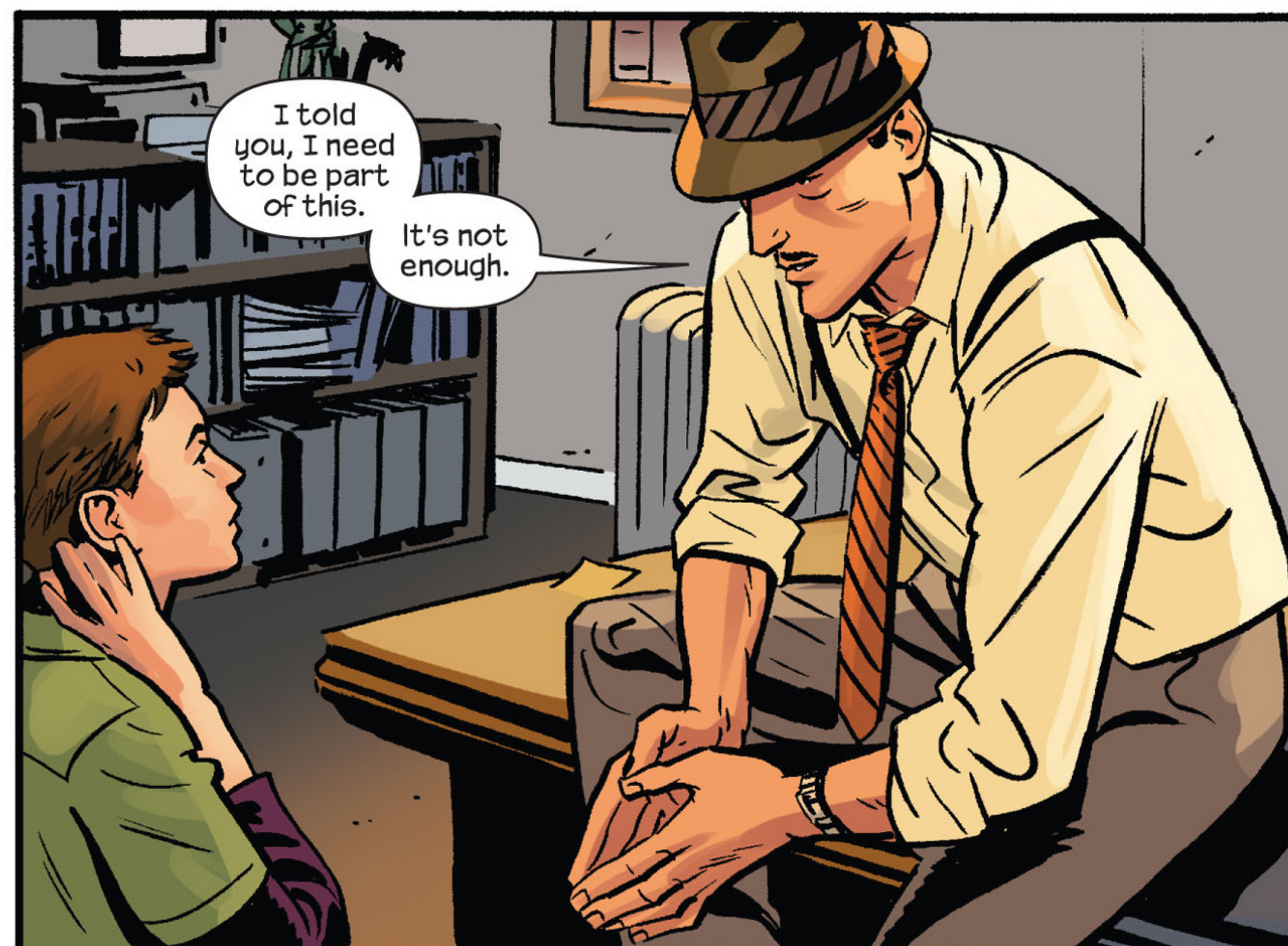
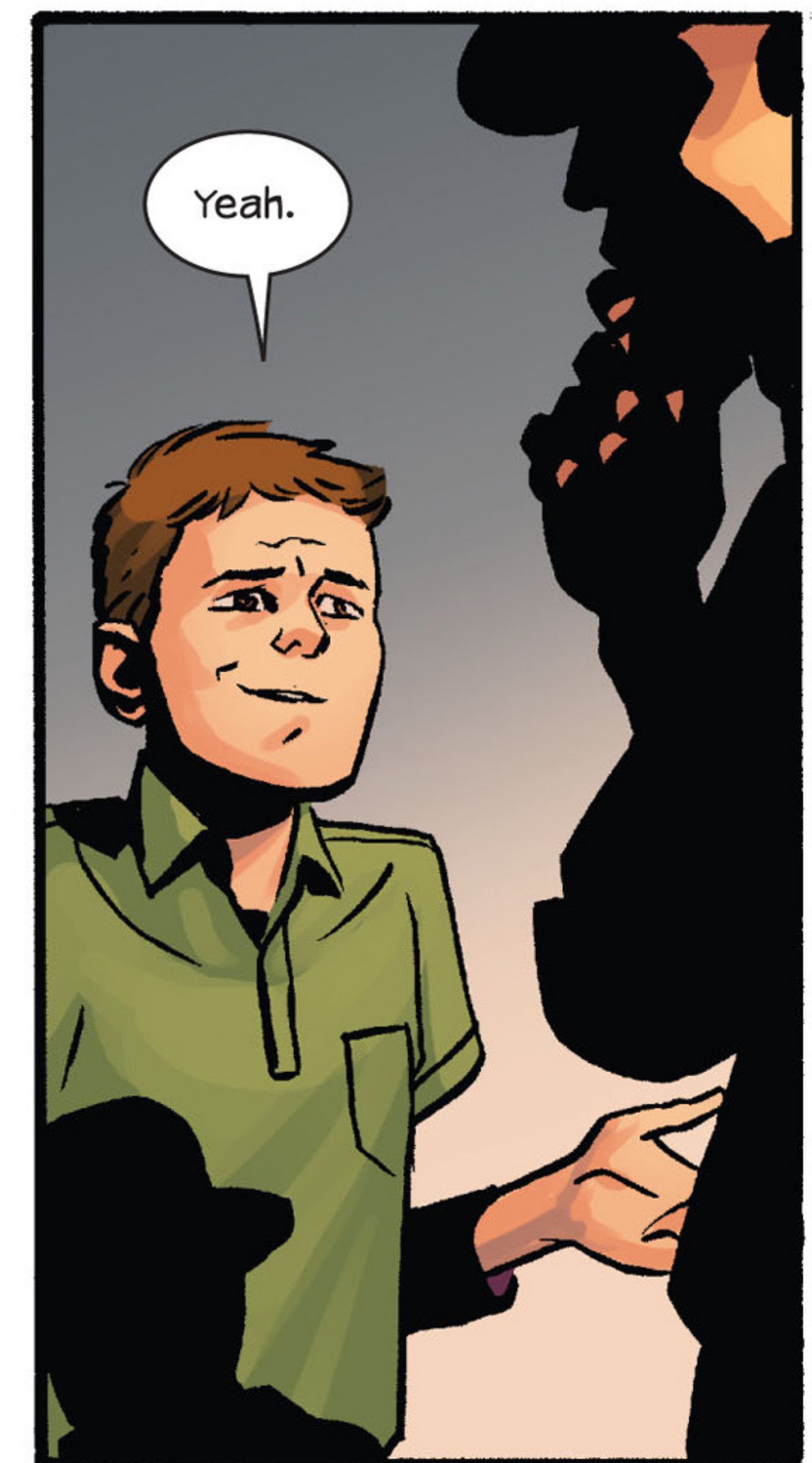
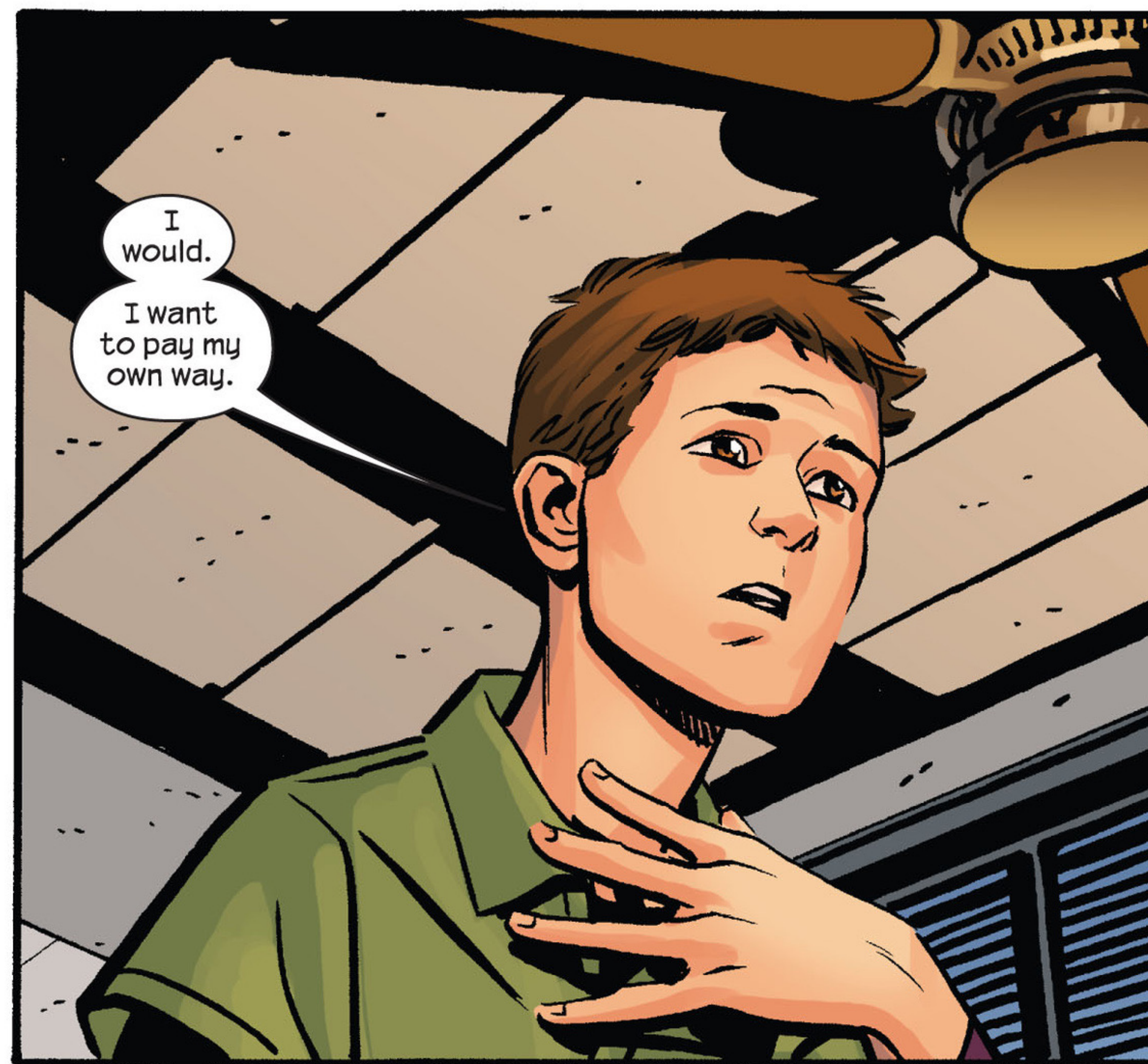
What can I do for you?

You don't have to do anything for me.

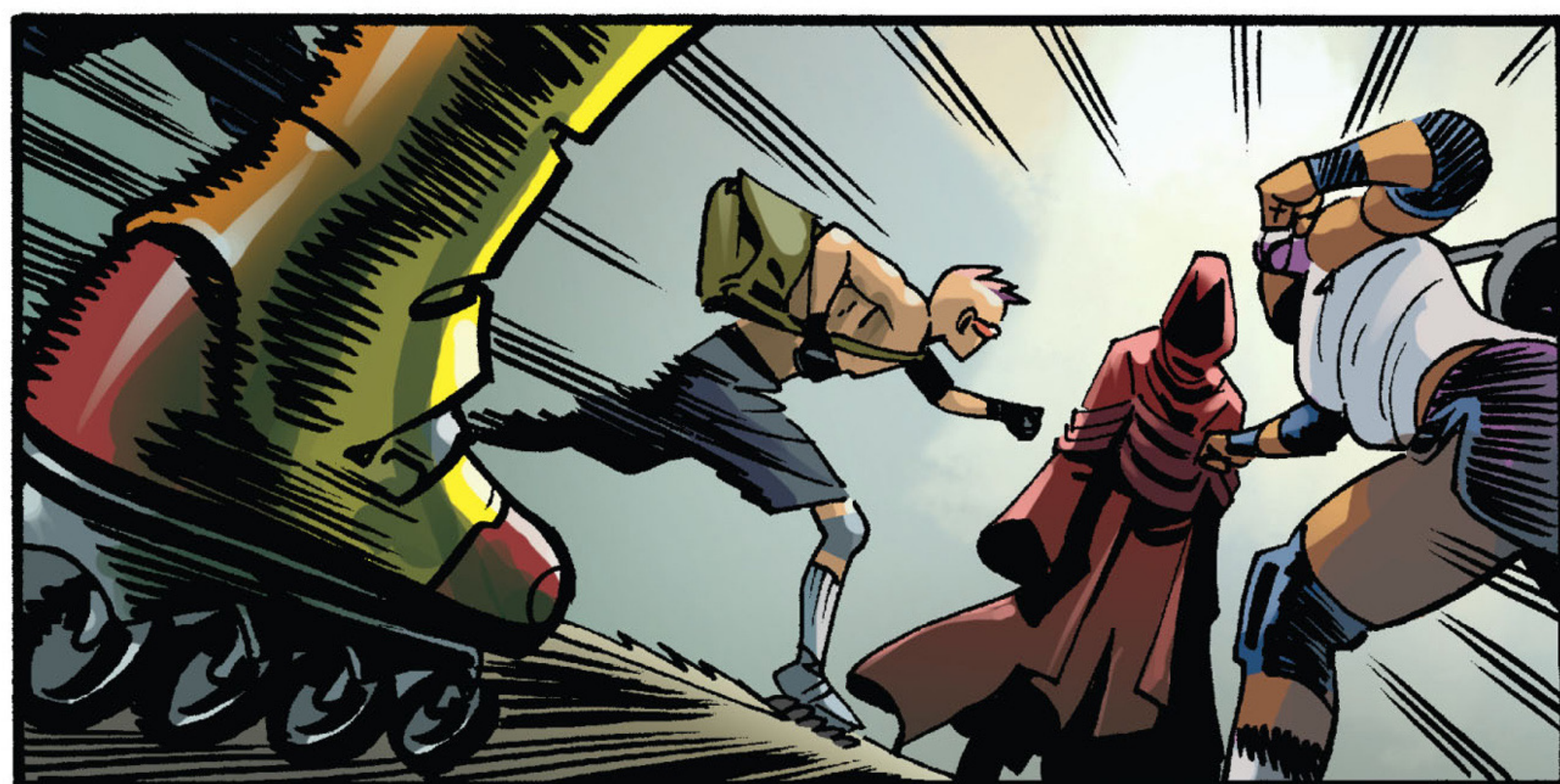


You're not listening to me-- I do.

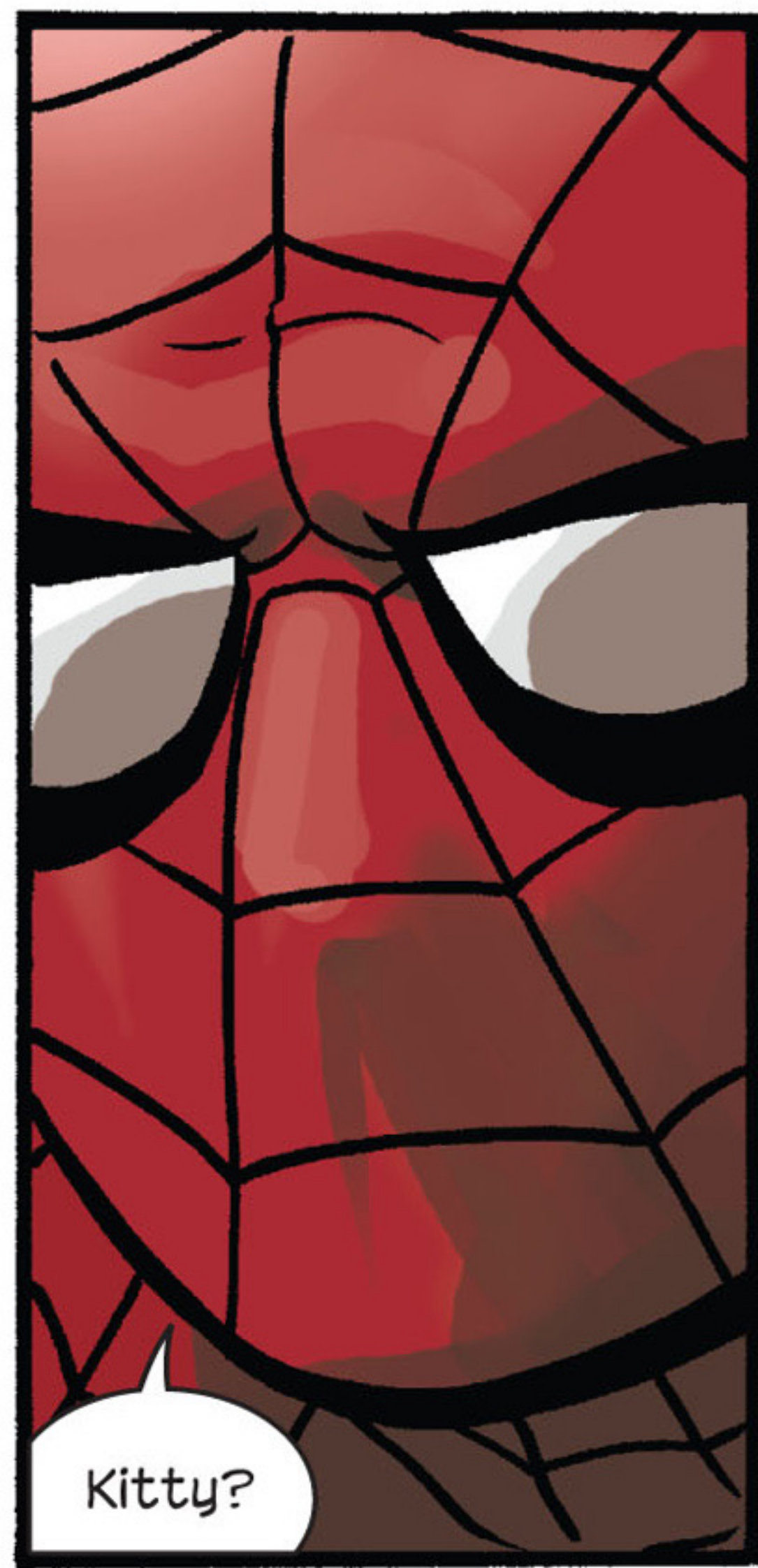
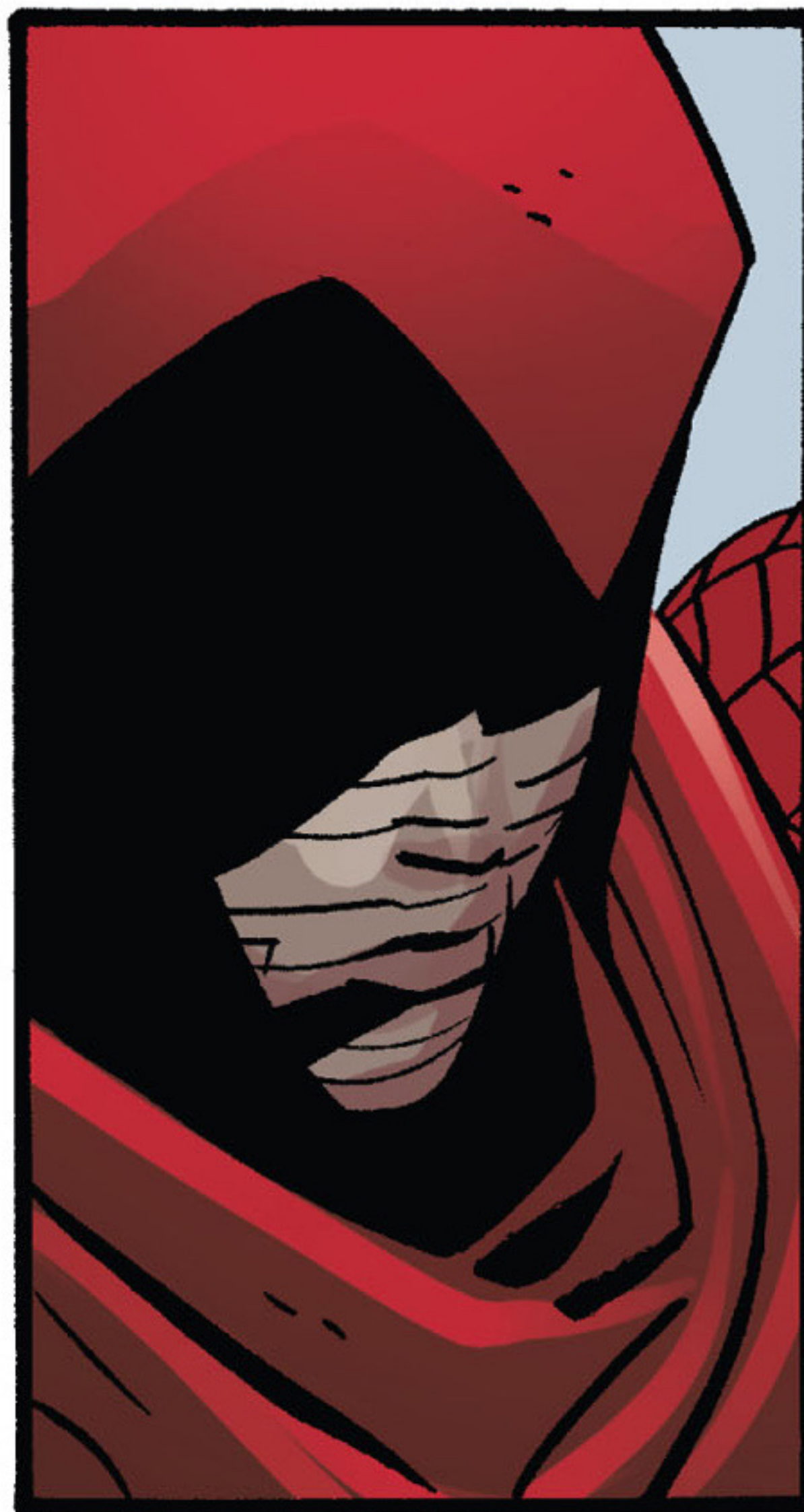
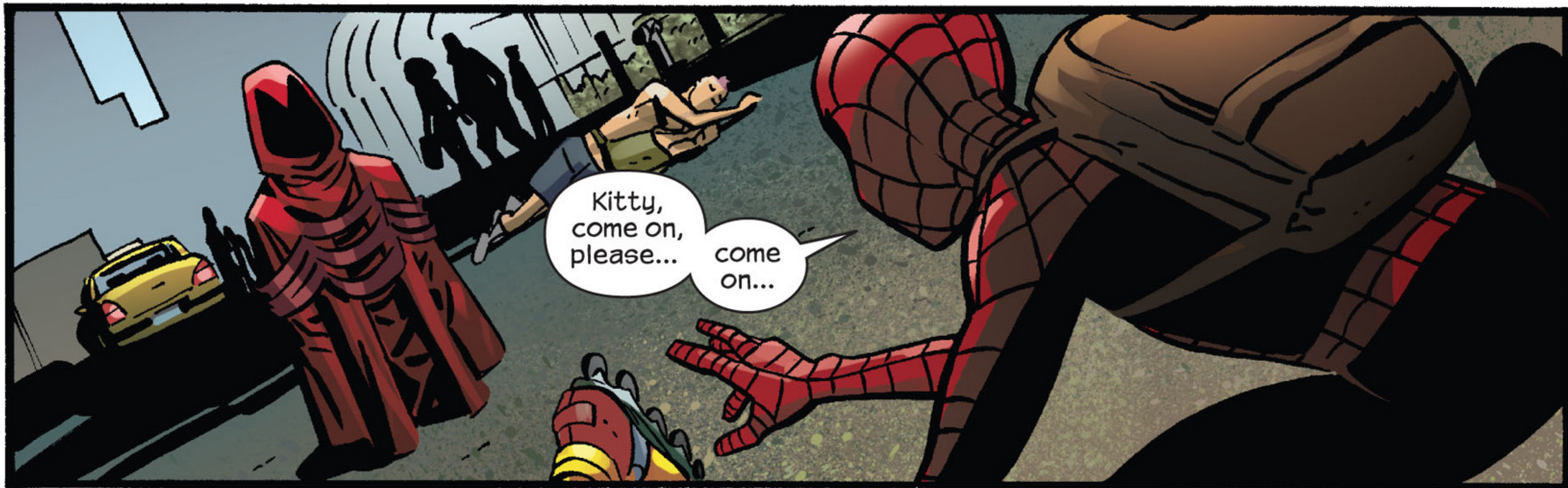


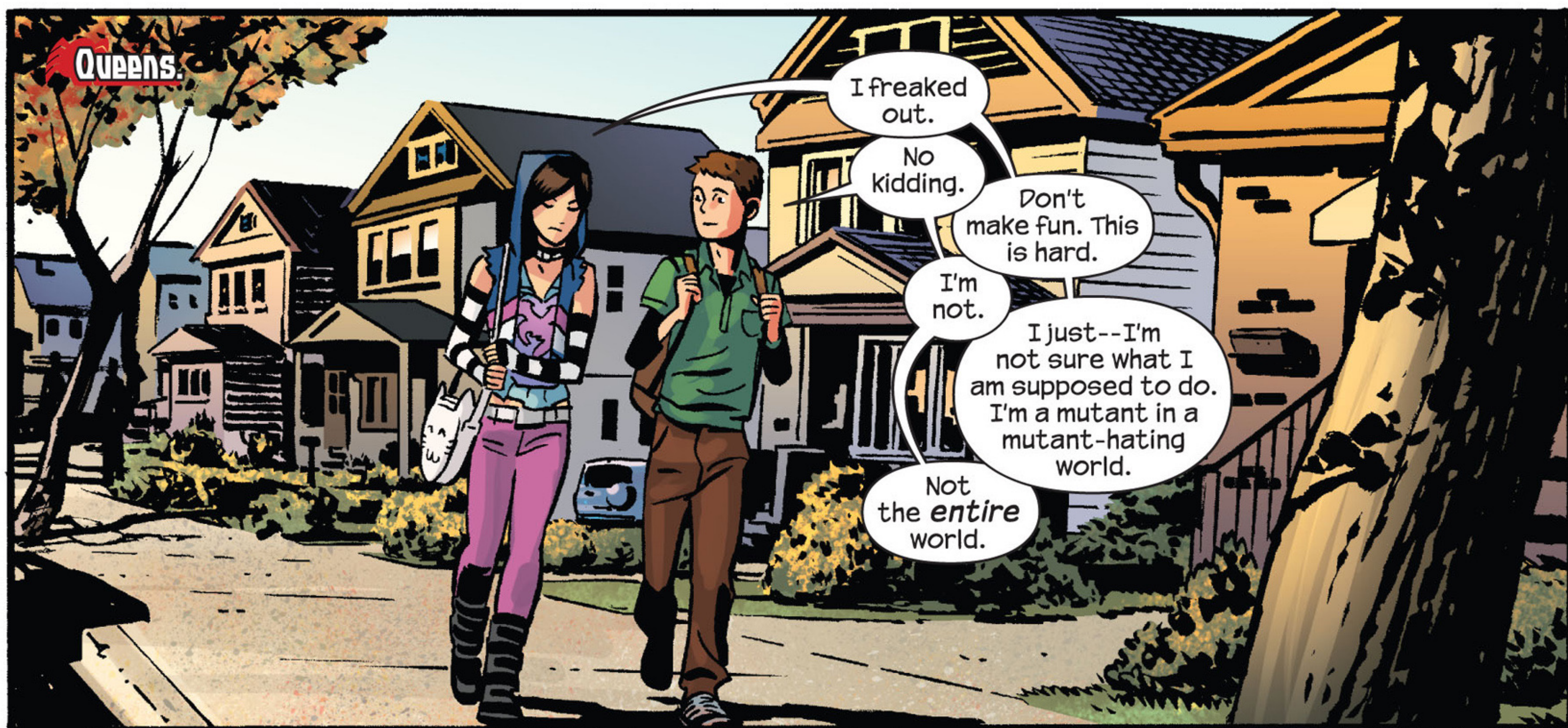












Queens.

I freaked out.

No kidding.

Don't make fun. This is hard.

I'm not.

I just--I'm not sure what I am supposed to do. I'm a mutant in a mutant-hating world.

Not the *entire* world.



Well, *enough* of the world.

Sure.

What am I supposed to do? I'm on the run.

I like the new look.

I know. I'm such a Goth cliché.

I like it.



We kicked those guys' tuchises.

Yeah.

You're getting stronger.

Well, that's the good thing about being mad at the world...

There's always some fool looking for a beating. There's always someone to take it out on.

I'm so glad you haven't gone bad.



Bad?

Evil?

Evil.

You know...

I'm *mad*... I'm not crazy.

And I have a *right* to be mad.

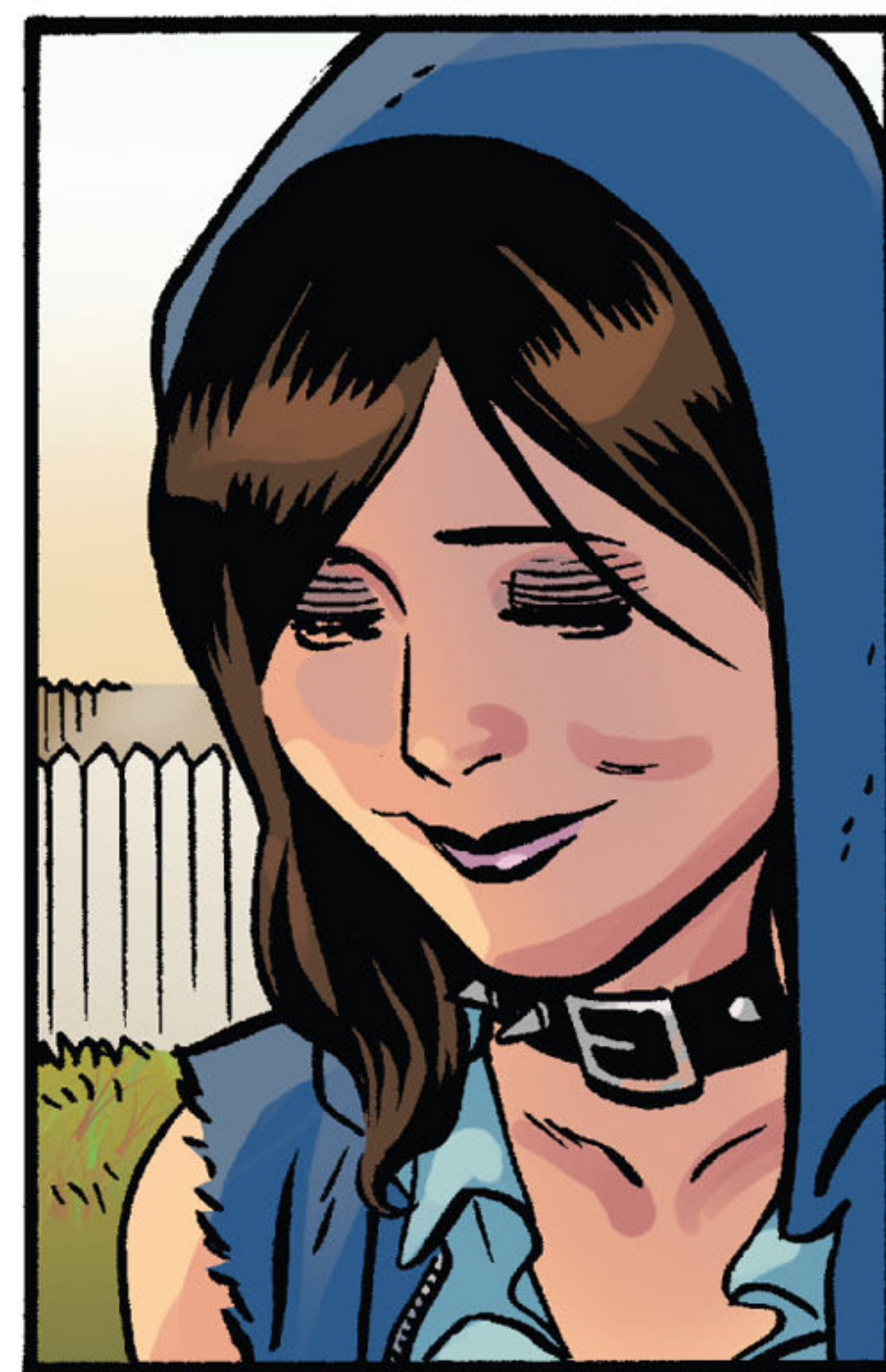
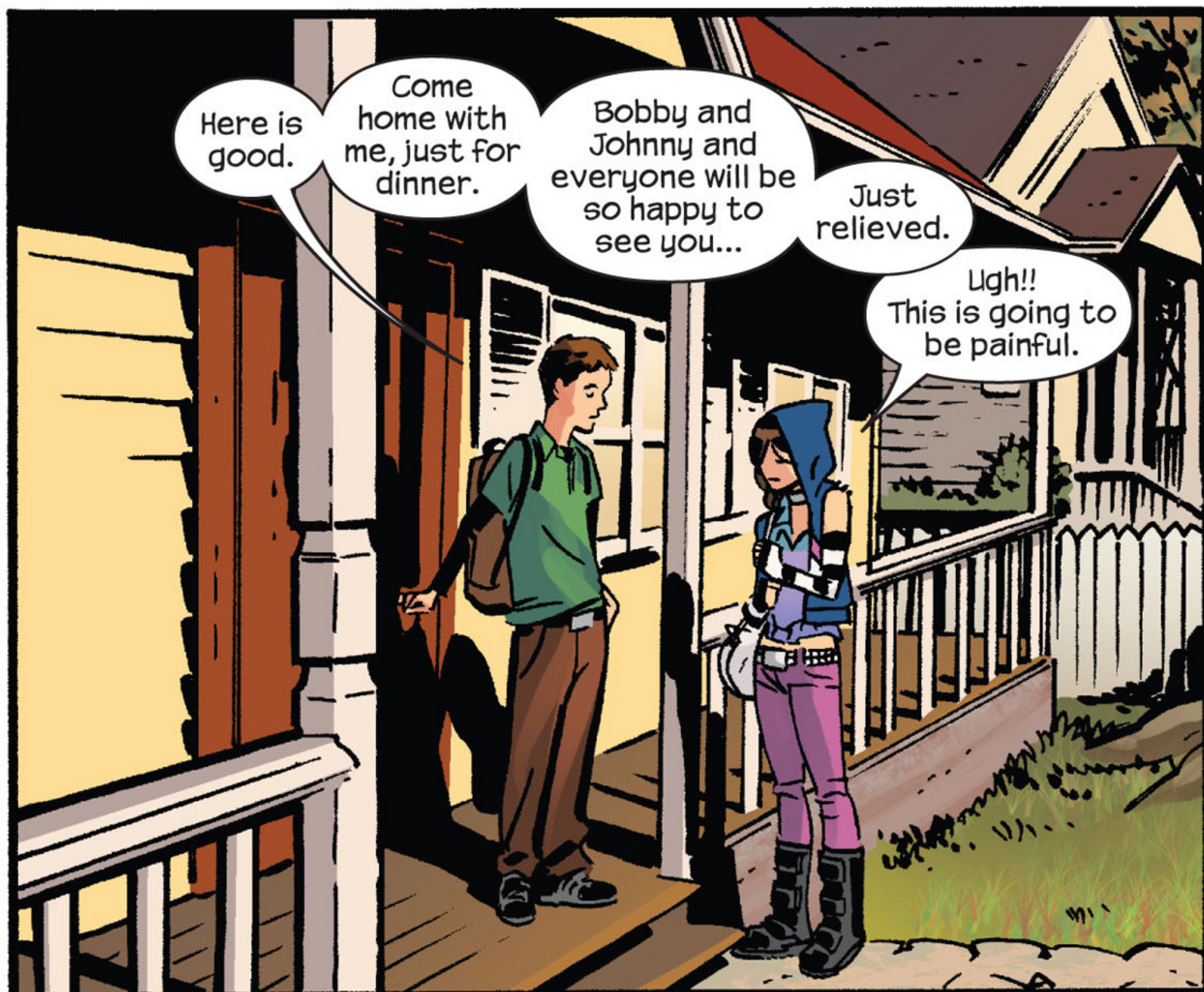
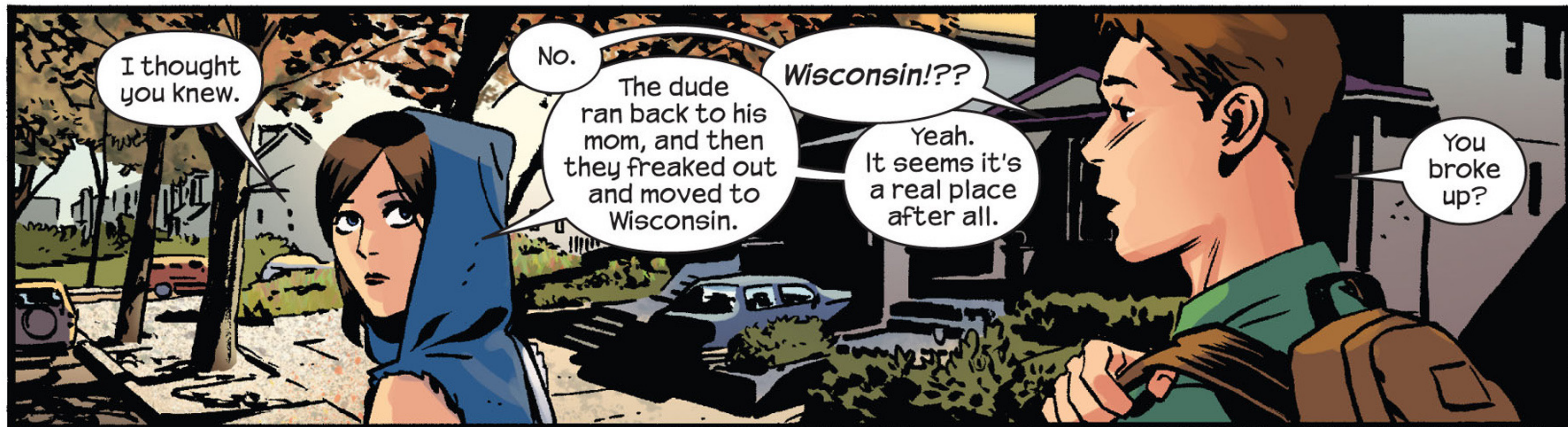


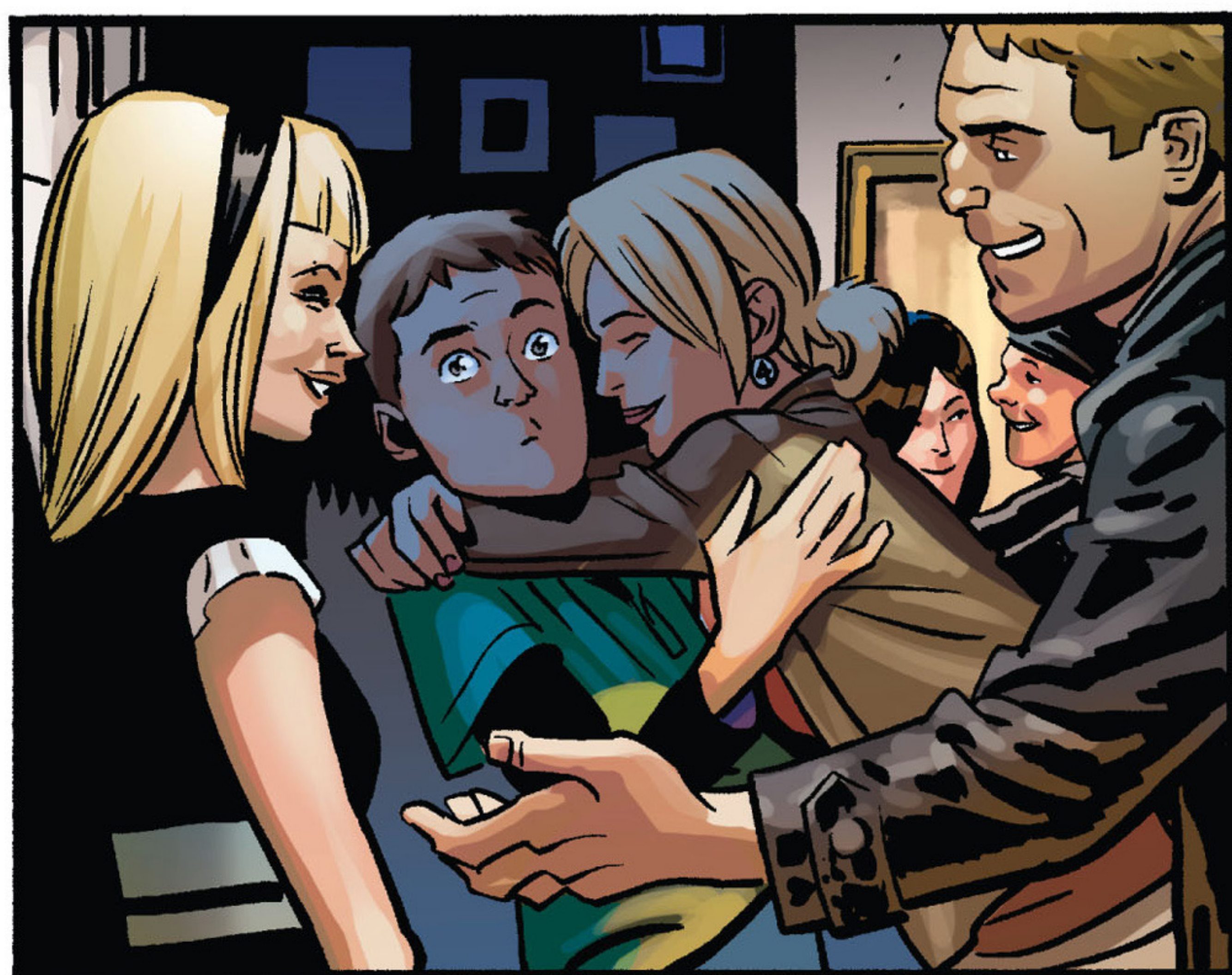
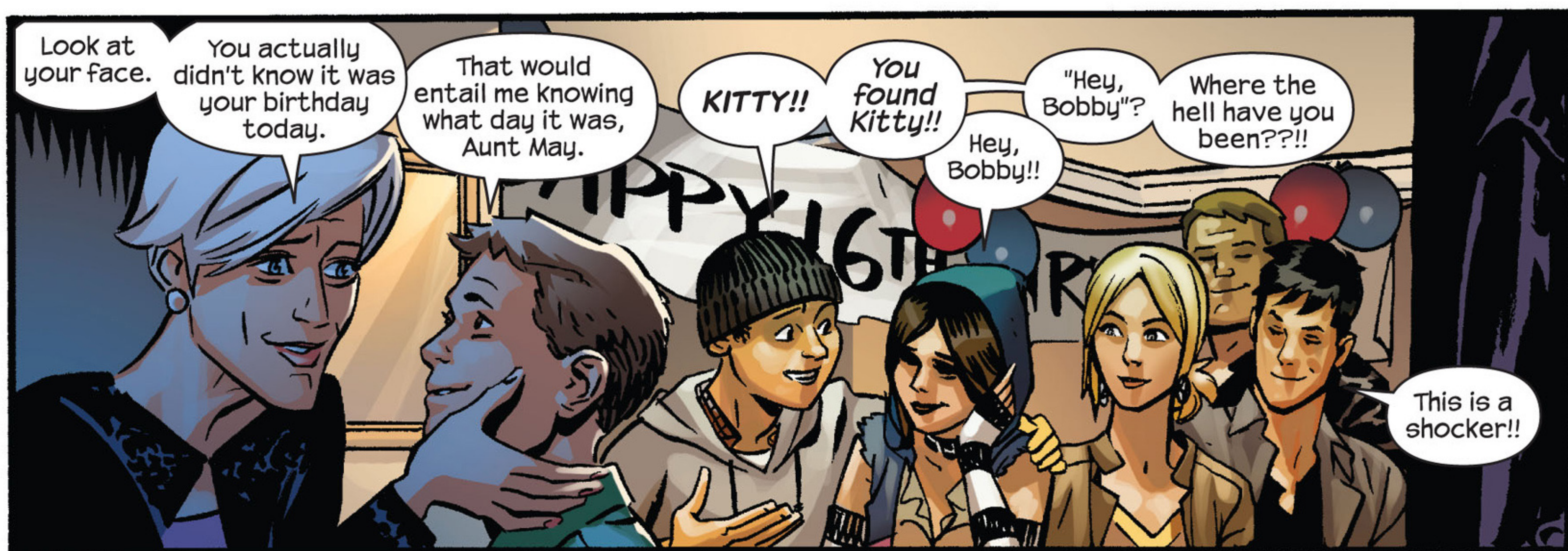
Yeah, but not at *me*.

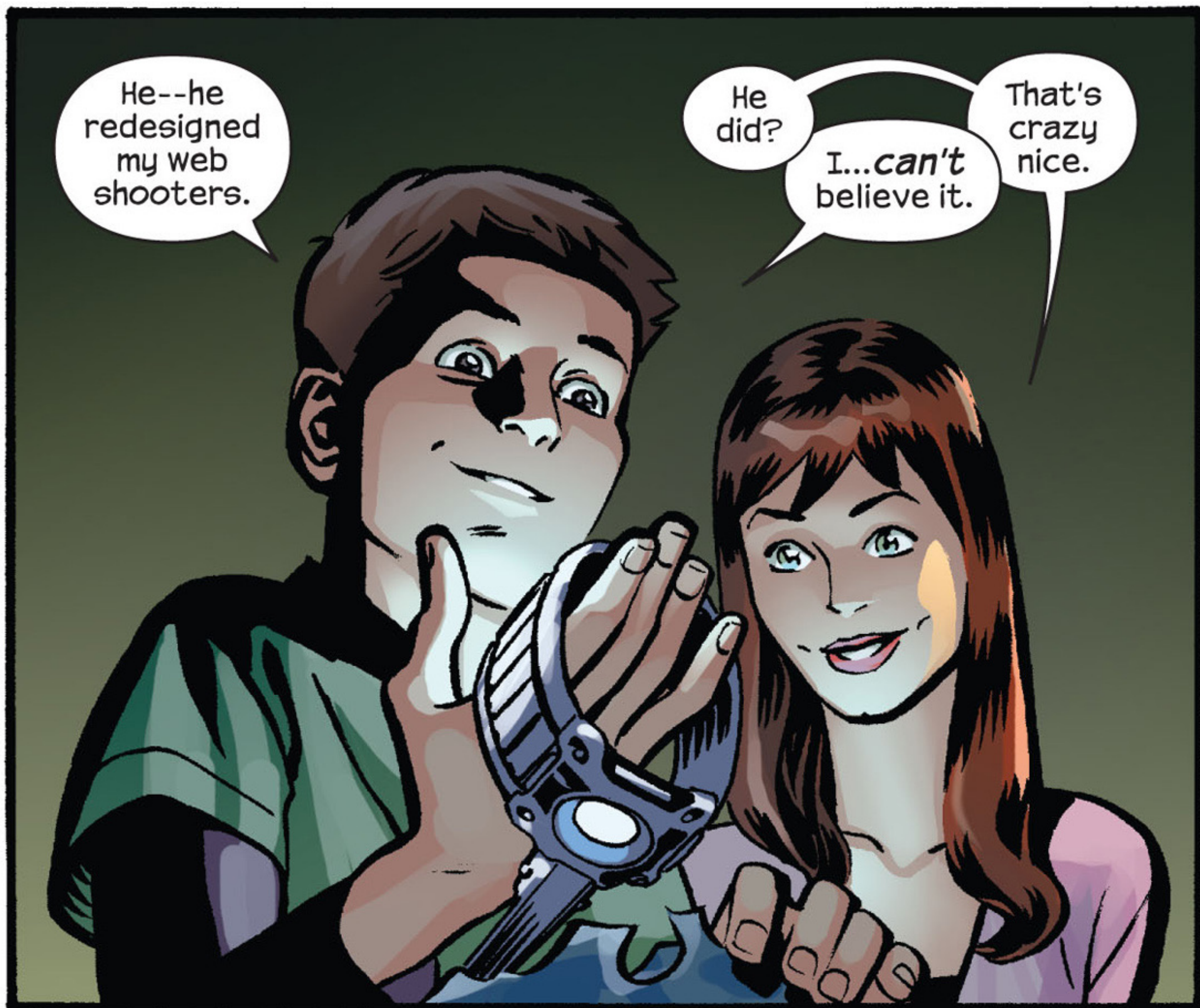
Not at your friends.

I know.

Hey, where's Kong? Where's your boyfriend?









So, about the other night.

I love you.



All this crazy we've been through this year... I see you. None of it matters.

Not Kitty?

Are you listening to me?

Yes.

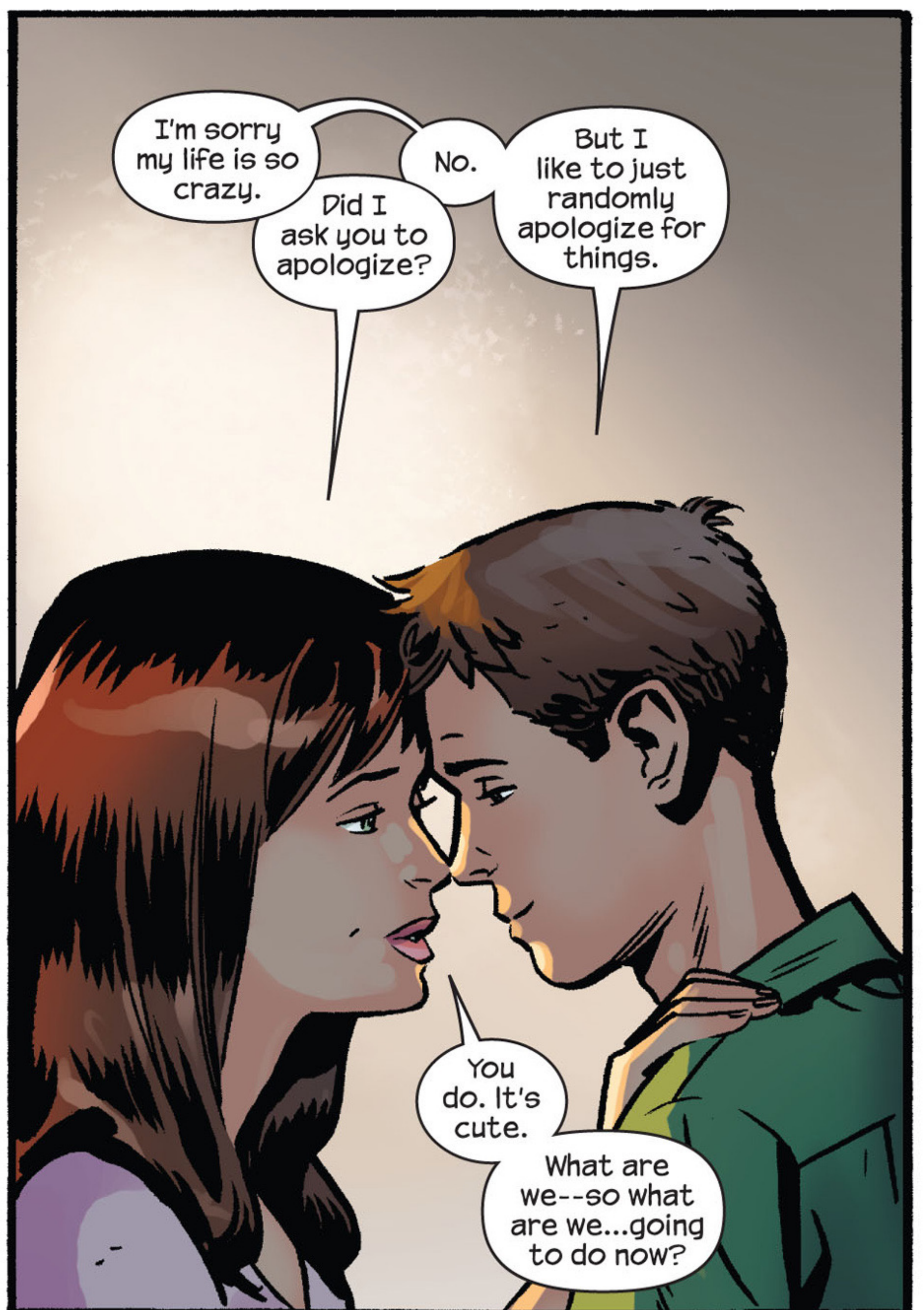
I'm going to earn you back.



You got me back.

Really?

I mean, yeah. Duh.



I'm sorry my life is so crazy.

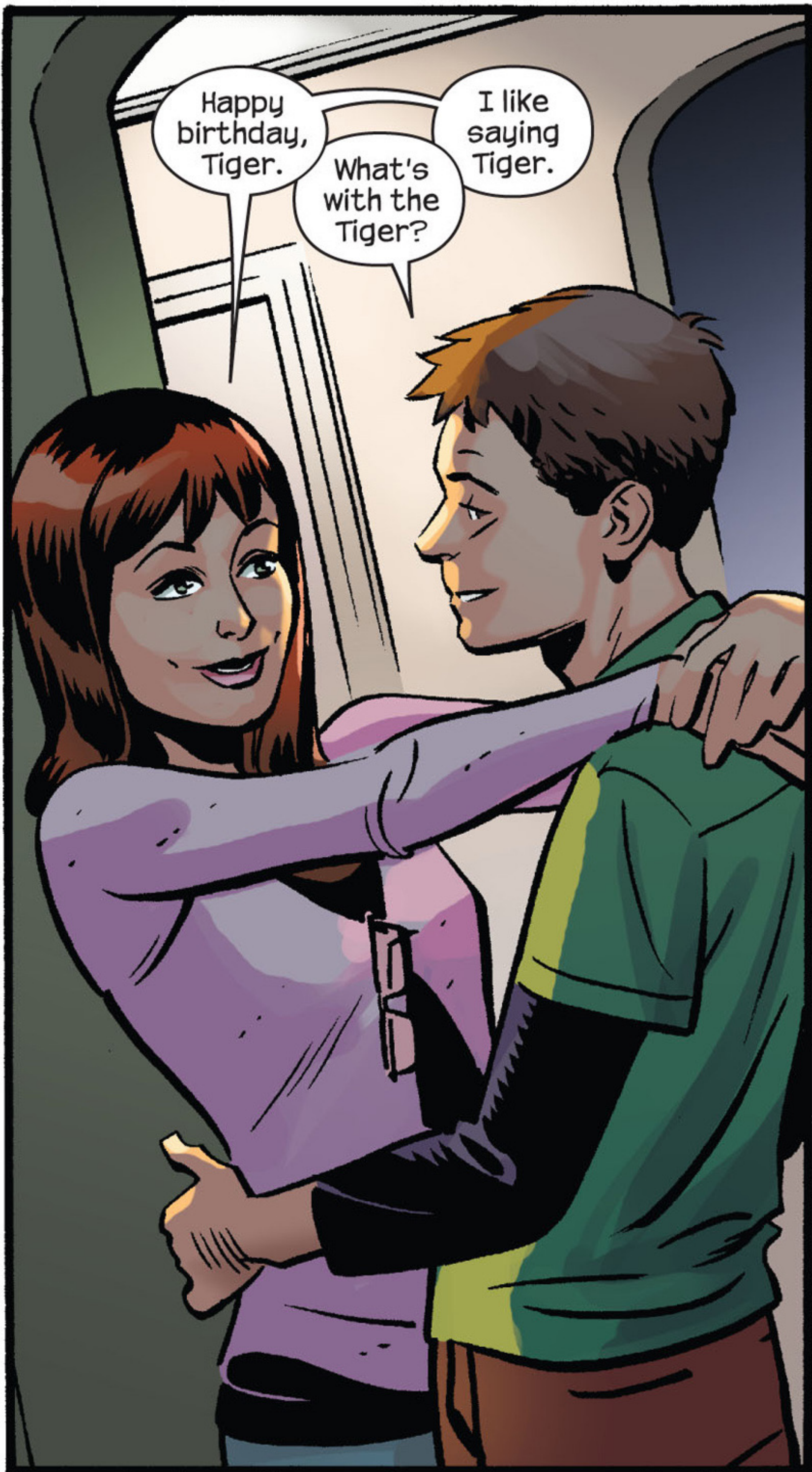
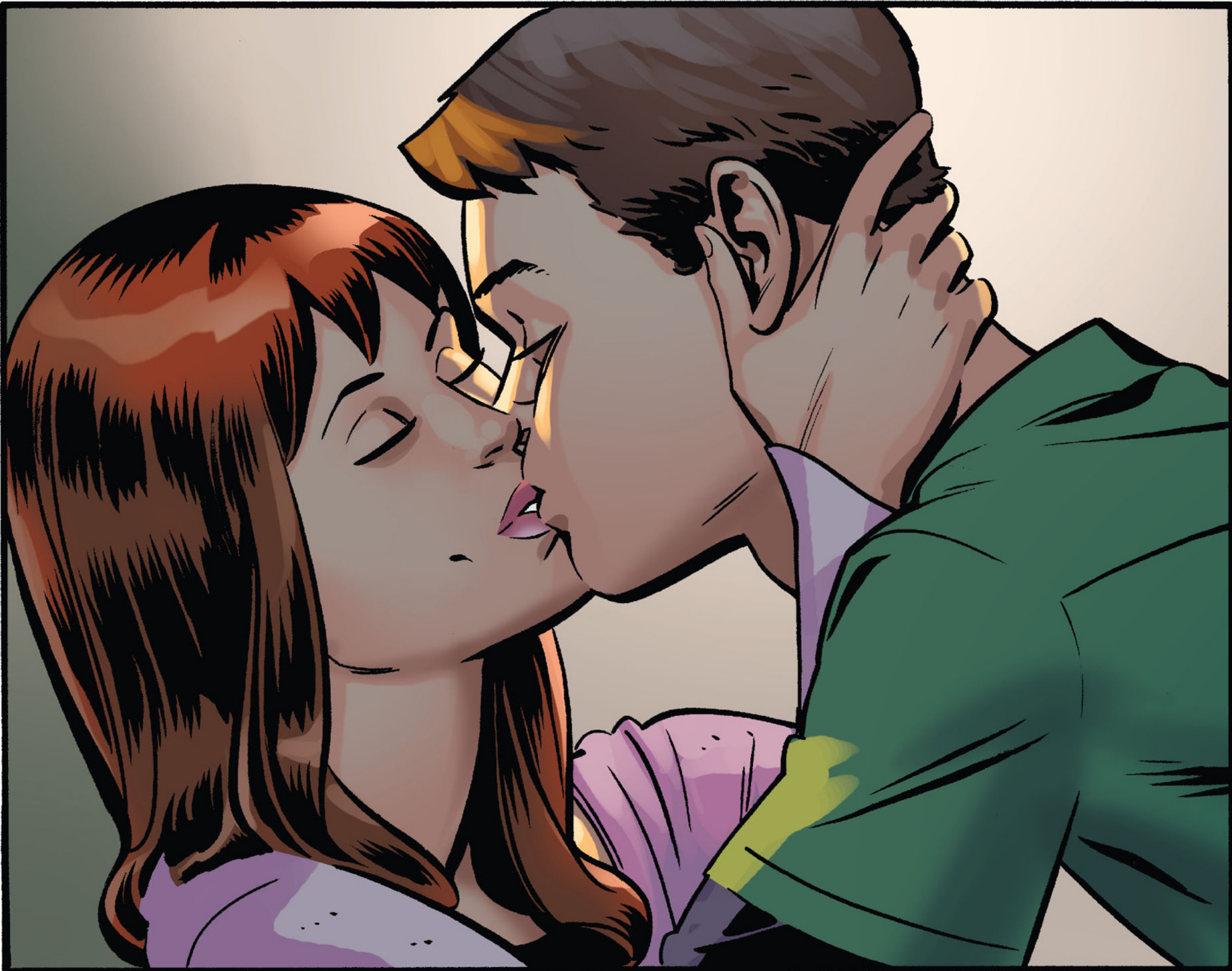
Did I ask you to apologize?

No.

But I like to just randomly apologize for things.

You do. It's cute.

What are we--so what are we...going to do now?



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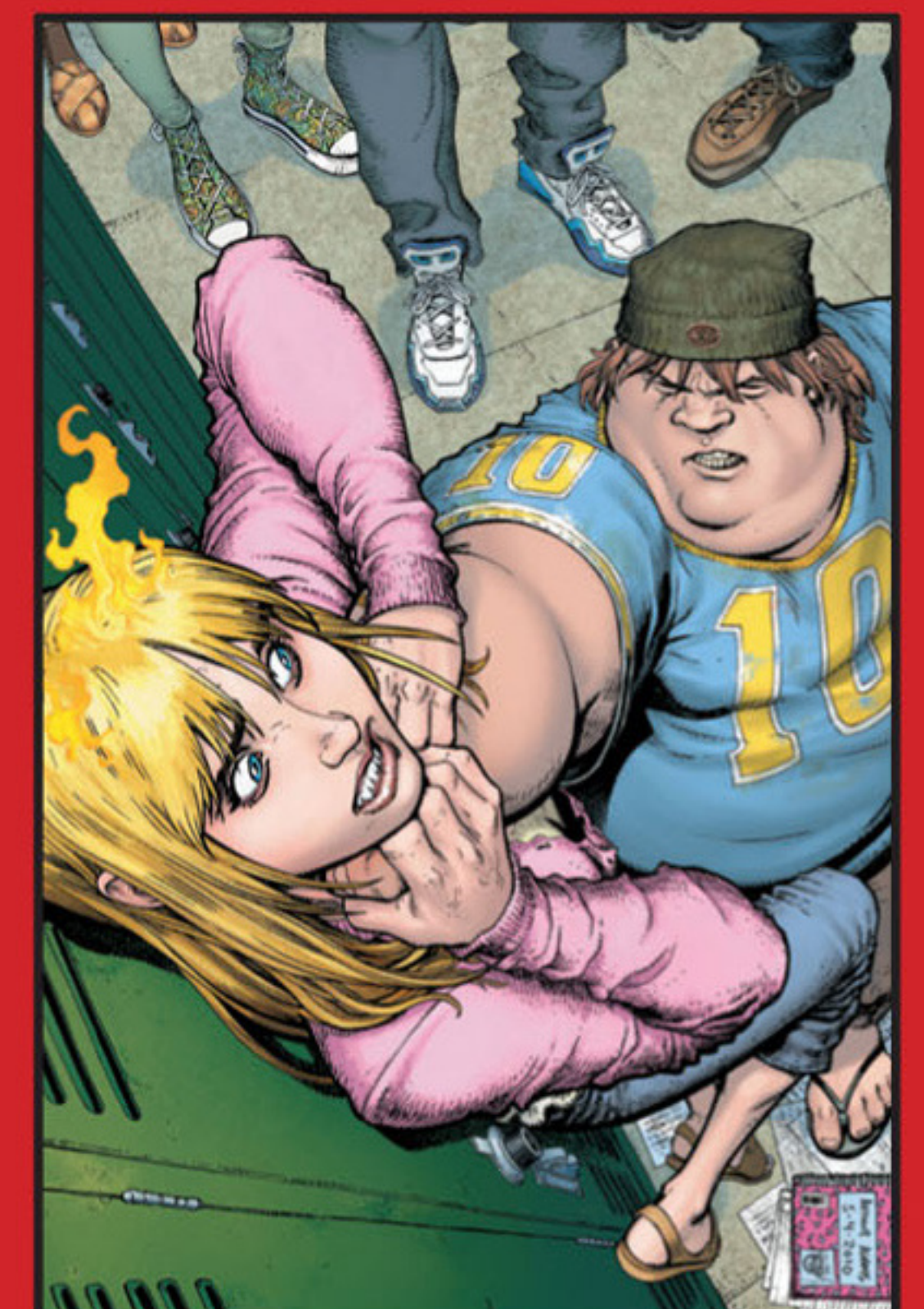
DEATH of SPIDER-MAN?!



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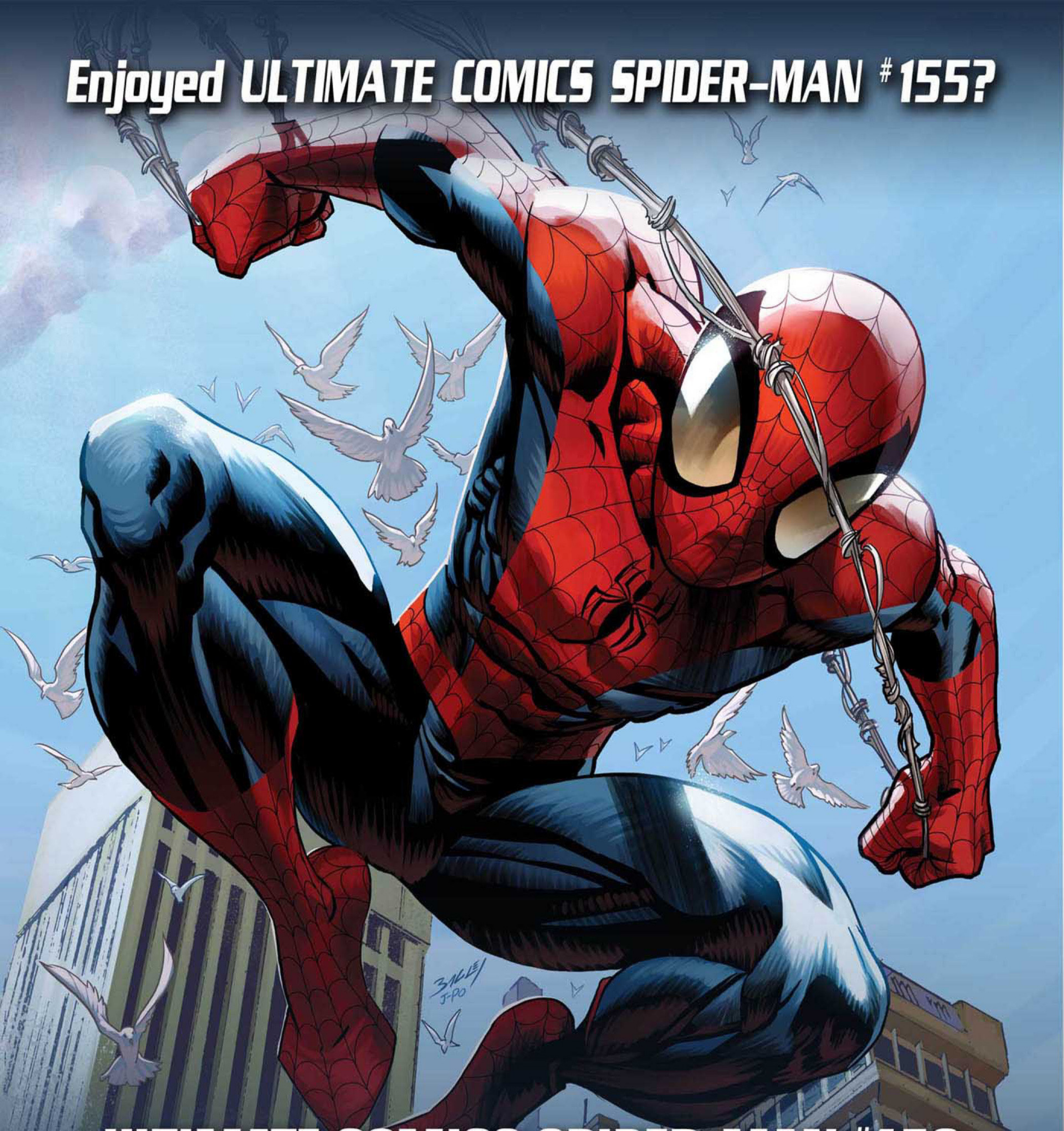


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DEATH OF SPIDER-MAN

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